The BALLADS of BOURBONNAIS

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY



Class PS1039
Book .A36B3
Copyright No. 1904

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



The BALLADS OF BOURBONNAIS

BY

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

WITH PICTURES BY

WILL VAWTER

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright 1904
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

March

PS1039
.A36B3
1904

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
APR 25 1904
Copyright Entry
Apr. 25-1904
CLASS a XXc. No.
85297
COPY B

PRESS OF
BRAUNWORTH & CO.
BOOKBINDERS AND PRINTERS
BROOKLYN, N Y.

TO MY WIFE



CONTENTS

	Page
"Fighting Joe" Gossette	15
Opie Read	30
Rubaiyat of Mathieu Lettellier	34
Verry Deffinite	39
Ma Little Brown Babee	41
Mon Pierre	46
De Fiddleur of Papineau	60
De Bacheleur of Bourbonnais	76
De Captaine of De "Marguerite"	89
De Cirque at Ol' Ste Anne	98
Tim Flanagan's Mistake	107
'Long De Kankakee	112
When Francois Joined De Lodge	117
De Gradual Commence	130
Ma Belle Adele	136
W'en De Frogs Begin to Sing	145
Oncl' Antoine on 'Change	150
Anatole Dubois at De Horse Show	156
Jean Peter Long	167
Football at Chebanse	173

ILLUSTRATIONS

I Wan' to Buy Som' Hose *Frontispiece*

"Fighting Joe" Gossette—Title 15

Tree Year Ago I'm Fall on Lof 17

Wan Fine Brood of Game Chick 21

Jus' Den De Sentinale He Com' 25

"Fighting Joe" Gossette—Tailpiece 29

Opie Read—Title 30

It Give Me Moch Annoy 31

Rubaiyat of Mathieu Lettellier—Title 34

Day's Mos'ly Girls an' Boys 35

Verry Deffinite—Title 39

Ma Little Brown Babee—Title 41

To Nestle an' Lof You Troo all De Day Long 43

Ma Little Brown Babee—Tailpiece 45

Mon Pierre—Title 46

It is To-Morrow Morning Dat I Marry Pierre Minot 47

An' Op De Padt Walk Pierre Minot 53

As 'Long De Road We Skip 57

De Fiddleur of Papineau—Title 60

Two Stranger Dat is Gat Off Train 61

W'EN SHE PASS' DE GRAD BEEG STORE 65
HE WAK' HEES LEDDLE CHILE 69
DE FIDDLEUR HOL' DE LEDDLE GAIRL CLOS' TO HEES HEART . . . 73
DE FIDDLEUR OF PAPINEAU—TAILPIECE 75
DE BACHELEUR OF BOURBONNAIS—TITLE 76
HE'S DRASS OP IN NEW SUIT OF CLOSE 77
BUT JOSIE'S GAT MORE STRING ONTO HER BOW 81
SHE'S TINK OF LONG TAM' 'GO 85
DE CAPTAINE OF DE "MARGUERITE"—TITLE 89
IT'S DIFFERANTE FROM QUIET TAMS 92
DE CAPTAINE OF DE "MARGUERITE"—TAILPIECE 97
DE CIRQUE AT OL' STE. ANNE—TITLE 98
I'M TAK' ALONG MY JULIE GAIRL 99
T'ROW KISSES AT YOU 103
DE CIRQUE AT OL' STE. ANNE—TAILPIECE 106
TIM FLANAGAN'S MISTAKE—TITLE 107
DAT CALF STAN' STILL AN' WAG HEES TAIL 109
'LONG DE KANKAKEE—TITLE 112
IT'S PRETTY PLACE TO BE ALONE 113
WHEN FRANCOIS JOINED DE LODGE—TITLE 117
I NO TRY OFFEND YOU 119
TO STAKE DEY MAK' ME BOUN' 123
DEY TAK' DE BLIN'FOL' OFF FROM ME 127
WHEN FRANCOIS JOINED DE LODGE—TAILPIECE 129
DE GRADUAL COMMENCE—TITLE 130

MA LEDDLE DAUGHTER MADELINE 131
MA BELLE ADELE—TITLE 136
SHE ESS VER' BU'FUL MA'MOISELLE 137
TO ADELE MAK' DEM GOOGLE EYES 141
W'EN DE FROGS BEGIN TO SING—TITLE 145
DE RED BUD ESS ALL FILL OP WID BLOOM 147
W'EN DE FROGS BEGIN TO SING—TAILPIECE 149
ONCL' ANTOINE ON 'CHANGE—TITLE 150
DE BOARD OF TRADE 151
ANATOLE DUBOIS AT DE HORSE SHOW—TITLE 156
VE GO AN' SEE DAT SHOW 157
LADIES VIT FIN' DRASS 161
NOW I HAF SOM' VORDS TO TELL 165
JEAN PETER LONG—TITLE 167
I'M MAK' JARDIN 169
FOOTBALL AT CHEBANSE—TITLE 173
DAY MIGHT HAF CALLED IT "GRAN' PRIZE FIGHT" 175
HE DON' KNOW VERE HE ARE 179

INTRODUCTION

It will not be out of place here to give an outline of the history of the French-Canadian colony in Kankakee county, Illinois.

Before 1835, where now stands the thriving city of Kankakee, the country thereabouts was a wilderness, inhabited by strolling tribes of Indians. Then venturesome French traders, *courcurs du bois*, *voyageurs* from lower Canada, came and bartered with the red men, bought land for a mere song, and on their return induced a number of their countrymen to come to the fertile valley of the Kankakee. The earliest of the pioneers settled in Bourbonnais Grove, where the first Catholic mission was started.

In the early fifties, Père Chiniquy, a priest of Montreal, came to join the colony. He liked the country, returned to Montreal and induced a great number of settlers to come to this land of promise.

Chiniquy founded the town of Ste. Anne. The colony grew and prospered until Chiniquy seceded from the church of Rome. The colony today numbers about seven thousand. Bourbonnais, with its five hundred inhabitants, is the typical French settlement of the colony, with not a single American resident. Two splendid Catholic institutions, namely: St. Viateurs' College and Ste. Catherine's Convent are here. The towns of Mo-

mence, St. George, Ste. Marie, Manteno, Papineau, L'Arable, Ste. Anne and the city of Kankakee all have a good percentage of French people.

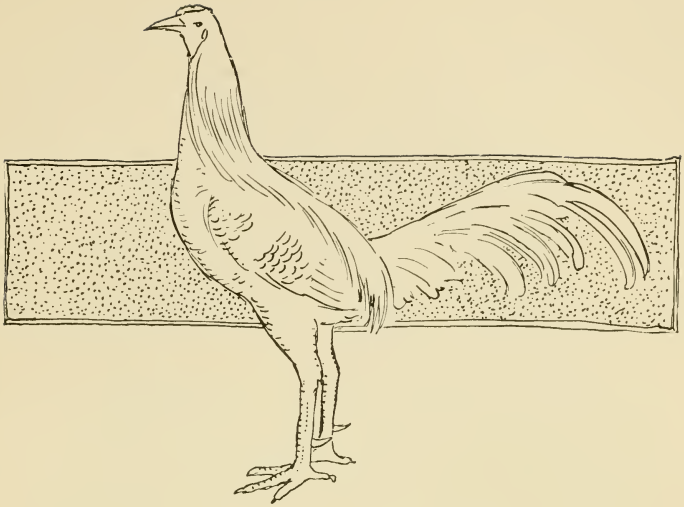
The town of Ste. Anne may be called the "Lourdes of America." Within the beautiful church is the shrine of Ste. Anne, and on the sacred altar reposes a finger bone of the sainted mother of Mary. Annually for eighteen years a "novens," or nine days' prayer, followed by a pilgrimage to this shrine, takes place; and thousands from all parts of Indiana and Illinois participate in the religious ceremonies. Although the pilgrimage was originally intended to make reparation for the schism of Père Chiniquy, who deserted the church and placed that organization, for a time, in many unpleasant complications, yet here the lame, the sick, the distressed, with faith and prayer, seek consolation and surcease from their sorrow; and many remarkable cures are recorded.

The ballads of Bourbonnais were written in the hope of preserving, if possible, the dialect of the Illinois French-Canadian. The author has entered into his task with feelings of the deepest respect and reverence for the sterling character and religious faith of these people, who are an honor to their adopted country and state.

Thanks are due to the editors of the Century for permission to include in this volume "De Cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne," "De Captaine of de Marguerite" and "Foot Ball at Chebanse," which appeared first in that magazine.

THE BALLADS OF BOURBONNAIS





"FIGHTING JOE" GOSSETTE

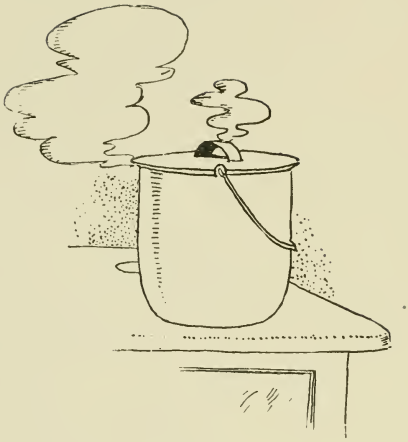
W'EN stranger hear dat I am call
De "Fighting Joe" Gossette,
Dey t'ink dat I am rough bad man;
I'm not so bad, you bet!
It's com' about because I own
Game roostere dat is fight,
De reputation 'long dis line
I haf, is out of sight.

T'ree year ago I'm fall on lof'
Wid El'anore Coutois,
Dat's leeve across de reevere,
Clos' to farm of ol' Du Bois.
Dar is wan nodder garçon, he
Jomp on same cart wid me,—
He's lof' her all de hard he can;
His name is Claude Legris.

For las' t'ree year he also own
Game roostere dat is fight,
He's t'ink he's gat de h'only wans;
He brag wid all his might.
I see dat dere is ver' moch troub'
On op ahead of us,
Dere will be une gran' fight som' tam'
W'ere wan of us go bus'.

El'anore she is not show
Favore to edder wan;
But she is hear her fadder spe'k,
W'en all is said an' done,
De bes' farmere is wan dat raise
Mor' hogs dan all de res';
She say she lof' de man de mos'
Whose roostere fight de bes'.





An' w'en we hear us all of dis
We bot' sail in right dere
An' breed our stock op to top notch,
An' at all county fair,
Som' tam' he gat de bleu ribbone
Som' tam' it com' to me;
We're pretty even in de race
As you can ver' plain see.

Wan spring tam' I am raising op
Wan fine brood of game chick,
Dere's wan dem will, I'm sure, turn out
To be "une leddle brick."
He's waltz aroun' an' boss de place
De hull shoot match he rone,
An' w'en I tink of propere name
Call heem Napoleon.

Dat is all right for leddle w'ile,
Till he's grow'd op, an' den
I'm fin' it out Napoleon
Hees nodding but a hen.
Dat day I mak' Napoleon
To meet his Waterloo,
I'm h'ring his neck, den modder he
Is boil her in a stew.

But t'ree dem chick is gentlemen,
 Of dat it's mighty plain,
De're fin' garçon stan' straight, look quick,
 I'm sure dat gairl I'm gain.
Wid Gen'ral Grant an' Boulanger,
 An' Ney, my birds I'm call,—
I mak' Legris go back, sit down,
 I t'ink I beat dem all.

De tam' is com' for fin' it whose
 Bird's better dan de res';
Also de wan dat get dat gairl
 Dat we is lof' de bes'.
'Course you know to make game fight's
 Overe de law agains',
We look out for de ol' Constab',
 De sloot houn' of Momence.

We mak' arrange' for haf' de main
 Down near ol' Bondreau's farm,—
It is bes' place dat we can fin',
 We t'ink we're free from harm.
We dere alone, nobody else,
 But leddle John Frochette,
He is to ac' as sentinale,
 An' ten cent he's to get.





It's den I tak' ol' Mar'chal Ney
Out of his coop to fight,
Legris match heem wid Cæsar bird,
Den dey start at it h'right.
No common breed's in edder wan,
Dey bot' are game, you bet;
De fedder rouge dey mak' 'em fly,
Wid blood dey soon are wet.

For ten *minnctte* dey keep it op,
An' 'bout two minute mor'
My Mar'chal Ney was fin' his deat',
An' drop op on de floor:
Dat's bad for me, but I was gat
Two mor' good chance to win,
I tak' my Boulanger, an' Claude
He's Brutus to begin.

Poor Boulanger he soon is learn,
He's op against stiff game,
I fin' it out lak' Mar'chal Ney,
He's treated jus' de same.
It's now a shot (houndred to wan),
I'm on dis match go bus';
I's look on Boulanger an' Ney,
I feel ver' moch disgus'.

Jus' den de sentinale he com'
Mos' out of breadt' an' say
De Constab' was a nosin' 'round
An' headed down dis way.
Legris's live bird he's grab dem op
An' I my Gen'ral Grant,
We gat it out of dere right soon,
An' rone till breadt' goes pant.

An' on my way I mak' a spe'k,
To Gen'ral Grant I say:
"Ol' man, if you don' win dis tam'
Der'll be *ma foi* to pay:
I'll lose de gairl dat I lof' bes',
I will be so moch 'shame,'
I'll never look roostere in eye;
What's mor', I'll change my name."

We gat on barn of Bissonette's,
De fight wance mor' begin,
An' better luck was com' to me,
I haf' wan chance to win.
My Gene*ralc* he is wan trump,
He stan' op lak' a man,
Fire on his eye, hees shes' t'row out,
He has gat lots of san'.





Now w'en de Constab' com' firs' place,
An' fin' we are not dere,
Nodding but dead roostere on groun',
He wan' to pull his hair;
For evidaunse he tak' de plumes
Of Boulanger an' Ney
An' steek dem 'roun' de ban' his hat,
Mak' heemself veree gay.

An' den he tak' de trail wance mor',
For fin' if he can get
A trace of dem dat's called Legris
An' "Fighting Joe" Gossette;
He fin' us w'ere we mak' de fight,
He watch t'roo leddle place
Dat is too small to crawl it t'roo,
But beeg enough for face.

In wan roun' Grant feex Cato op,
An' Brutus it's tak' two,
An' den wid Cæsar he's clos' in,
My, how dem fedders flew!
An' wid une swoop my Generale,
He's gaff strike Cæsar's head,
An' Cæsar gat ver' moch dizee
An' den he's tomble dead.

My roostere he's on top de heap,
He's flap his wings an' crow,
An' den som't'ing is happen it
Almos' before I know.
He see dose plumes dat's on de hat,
De Constab' he is wear,
An' flies right t'roo on de peek hole,
W'ere Constab's hiding dere.

My Generale he's gat fin' hol'
Opon de hat an' plume;
De Constab' rone an' jomp aroun'
An' den he cuss an' fume;
I'm laffin' fit to mak' a kill,
I'm hang myself on rail,
W'en I see Constab' rone aroun'
Wid Generale on trail.

De Constab' nevere mak' complain'
About dat chicken fight,
He is so sham' he t'ink bes' t'ing
Is keep it out of sight:
An' w'en dey ask heem why his face
Is swell op an' so red,
He say beeg hornets' nes' is fall
An' hit heem on de head.

Poor Claude Legris, he's mak' away,
For Nort' Dakota State,
Affer he fin' dat Gen'ral Grant
Is put heem on de slate;
I's win my El'anore for wife,
I's marry her, you bet!
An' now it's h'every man dat calls
Me "Fighting Joe" Gossette.





OPIE READ

(Toast delivered at banquet in honor of Mr. Opie Read at the Press Club of Chicago, May 2, 1902.)

DIS language Anglaise dat dey spe'k,
On State of Illinois,
Is hard for Frenchmen heem to learn,
It give me moch annoy.
Las' w'ek ma frien', McGover*ane*
He com' to me an' say,
You mak' a toas' on Opie Read
W'en dey geeve gran' banquay.

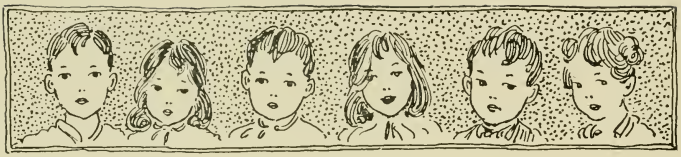




I mak' a toas'? Not on your life,
Dat man's wan frien' of me;
W'at for I warm heem op lak' toas'
De reason I can't see.
An' den John laugh out on hees eye
W'en he is to me say:
To mak' a toas' is not a roas'
It's jus' de odder way.

Dat's how I learn dat toas' an' roas'
Is call by different name,
Dough bot' are warm in dere own way,
Dere far from mean de same.
An' so, ma frien', in lof' I clasp
Your gr'ad beeg brawny han',
An' share vit you in fellowship
An' pay you on deman'.

You're built opon a ver' large plan,
Overe seex feet you rise;
You need it all to shelter in
Your heart dat's double size.
You are too broad for narrow t'ings,
Too gr'ad for any creed;
I'll eat de roas' but drink de toas'
To ma frien', Opie Read.



RUBAIYAT OF MATHIEU LETTELLIER

DERE'S six chil*dren* in our fam'lee,
Dey's mos'ly girls an' boys;
'Toinette an' me wos t'ankful sure
For all de happy joys;
Dere's Pierre, an' little Rosalie,
Antoine, Marie an' Jeanne,
An' Paul he's com' now soon twelf year,
Mos' close to be a man.





I's lof' all of *la petite femme,*
De garçon mak' me proud,
I haf' gr'ad aspiratione
For all dat little crowd;
My Pierre shall be wan doctor mans,
Rosalie will teach school,
Antoine an' Jeanne shall rone de farm,
Marie som' man will rule.

An' Paul shall be a *curé* sure,
I'll haf' heem educate',
I work it all out on my head,
Oh, I am moch elate;
Dis all of course w'en dey grow op;
But I t'ink 'bout it now;
So w'en de tam' was com' for ac',
I'll know de way an' how.

Long tam' ago, w'en Paul firs' com',
He mak' a lot of noise;
He's keep me trot, bot' day an' night,
He was wan naughty boys;
At wan o'clock, at two o'clock,
An*nee* ol' tam' suit heem,
He's mak' us geeve de gran' parade
Jus' as he tak' de w'im.

Sooding molass' an' peragork,
On heem ve pour it down,
An' soon he let his music op,
An' don' ac' more lak' clown,
An' den *ma femme* an' me lay down
To get a little doze,
For w'en you are wan fam'lee man
Yon don' gat moch repose.

But wat's de use to mak' de kick,
Dees fellows boss de place;
I'd radder hear de healt'y lung
An' see de ruddy face
Dan run a gr'ad big doctor's bill,
An' geeve de ol' sex*tone*
De job, for bury all my kids,
An' leave me all alone.

An' so our hands is quite ver' full,
Will be, for som' tam long,
But ven old age is dreeft our vay
An' rest is our belong,
It's den ve'll miss de gran' rac*quette,*—
May want again de noise
Of six more little children
An' mos'ly girls an' boys.



VERRE DEFINITE

I T' verre long, long tam', ma frien',
I'm leeve on Bourbonnais,
I'm keep de gen'rale merchandise,
I'm prom'nent man, dey say;
I'm sell mos' every t'ing dere ees,
From sulky plow to sock,
I don' care w'at you ask me for,
You'll fin' it in my stock.

Las' w'ek dere was de *petite fille*
Of ma frien', Gosse, he com'
Into to ma shop to get stock*ing,*
She want to buy her som';
She was herself not verre ol',
Near twelve year, I suppose;
She com' to me an' say, "M'sieu,
I wan' to buy som' hose."

I always mak' de custom rule,
No matter who it ees,
To be polite an' eloquent
In transack of ma beez;
I say to her, "For who you wan'
Dese stockings to be wear?"
She say she need wan pair herself,
Also for small bruddére.

She say her bruddére's eight years ol'
An' coming almos' nine,
An' I am twelve, mos' near t'irteen,
Dat size will do for mine:
An' modder she will tak' beeg pair,
She weigh 'bout half a ton,
She wan' de size of forty year
Go*ing* on forty-one.



MA LITTLE BROWN BABEE

MA pretty brown Babee, wid eyes lak' de sea,
W'en de sun kiss de top of de wave,
Wa't for do you frolic so roguish wid me
An' mak' such a fonney behave?

Is it 'cause you are loving your papa so well
You try to do jus' as he do?
O little brown Babee, spe'k op an' tell me,
Can you say nodding else but "Ah, goo!"

I know dat behin' dem dose little brown eye'
Dere is som't'ing you're wanting to say;
But wait little tam' an' de words he will fly
An' your lip will keep moving all day.

O little brown Babee, de pride of my life,
W'at will you be w'en you are grown?
You'll help rone de farm an' gat you de wife
All overe the county be known.

I'd radder you stay where you are, *ma garçon,*
Jus' de little brown Babee to me,
To nestle an' lof' you t'roo all de day long,
No joy com' so great dat I see.

But de tam' he don' wait, he push along 'head,
He mak' no except' out of you,
It's hard for to t'ink dat som' day we'll be dead,
It seem verree strange but it's true.

So little brown Babee, com' clos' to ma breas'
W'ere ma heart its beat strong wid my lof',
An' sof'ly go sleeping an' tak' your good res'
W'ile de Angels dey watch from abof'.





O Modder of Jesus, watch overe heem, do!
Keep heem free from de sin an' de shame,
Dat wordy he be w'en he die, com' to you,
Wid honeur to Thy holy name.





MON PIERRE

IT is to-morrow morning dat
I marry Pierre Minot:
I wander if I mak' a dream,
Or if it can't be so;
But still I see hees picture dere,
It hang opon de wall;
He ees de bol' Pierre Minot,
He's gat head of dem all.





I nevere shall forget firs' tam'
I meet dat beeg garçon,
I see h'right 'way opon my heart
He seem to be moch gone;
I t'ink dat's veree bol' of heem,
Of course I mak' resent,
For heem to fall on lof' wid me
Before I am consent.

But somehow here dese French boys, dey
Hav' gat it on dere min'
Dat dey can hav' de gairl dey wan'
W'en dey can mak' de fin'.
I say to me, myself I say,
I'll geeve heem une lessone,
I'll mak' heem know not where he ees
Or where he want to gone.

I soon is see I gat ma man,
He tak' me off wan side,
He wan' to know if Sunday nex'
I wid heem tak' a ride;
I say to heem, "Young Lettellier
Was ask me do dat, too;
I'm verree sorry, M'sieu Pierre,
I can not go wid you."

Dat was a story dat I tell
About young Lettellier,
But w'en Pierre meet heem on de road,
I t'ink it was nex' day,
He mak' present of two black eye,
He tears hees hat in piece',
He use heem op mos' mighty rough,
Lettellier's wan beeg geese.

An' den two weeks is pass away
No wan is com' near me,
Not even Pierre, who, I was sure,
He could not let me be;
De boys dey all is drop me lak'
Wan hot potato ball,
I wander w'at dat all is mean
An' w'at keep 'way dem all.

An' w'en t'ree week is com' an' pass
An' Sunday's here again,
I'm gat to be a lonely gairl
An' dis is happen den:
I see a bran' new buggy com'
Down road where we leeve at,
It's drive by Pierre Minot, it ees,—
My heart go pit-a-pat.

But w'at you t'ink was in ma min'
W'en he go drivin' by
An' not look h'right or to de lef'
But hol' hees head so high;
An' den I stamp ma heel wid rage,
I grin' beneat' my feet
De rose I pick for heem to geeve—
My heart turn col' lak' sleet.

For years all of de garçon here
Dey do jus' w'at *I* say—
An' now dis bol' Pierre Minot,
He wan' to ac' *hees* way;
An' so I cry for long, long tam',
Den look down by de gate
An' op de padt walk Pierre Minot,
De man I—almos' hate.

He whistle tune—*"Après du Bal,"*
An' *"High Born Lady,"* too,
An' tip hees hat an' bow to me
An' say "How do you do?
I not expec' to fin' you home,
I t'ought you go away
An' h'ride along each Sunday tam'
Wid dat young Lettelier."

He also say, "I t'ought you had
Mor' taste dan tak' a ride
Wid man dat's gat t'ree four black eyes;
I t'ought I would decide
To com' an' geeve you wan gran' spin
'Way down *chemin public.*
Hein! Bientôt you com' wid me,
An' be about it quick."

W'at's mor' to do I am not know,
I'm almos' 'fraid refuse;
He mak' me gat my hat an' com';
To say "no" is no use.
He lif' me op in de high seat,
Unhitch an' jump in too,
An' soon we mak' t'ree forty gait—
My! how dat horse he flew.

De boggay he has got red wheels,
De wheels she's rubber tire—
An' w'en dey go spin down de road
Dey seem lak' dere on fire;
I almos' t'ink if Pierre not hol'
Mos' clos' on tight to me,
I would be fri'ht ver' near to death,
I's scare' as I can be.





But somehow w'en hees gr'ad beeg arm
Was hol' me roun' de wais',
I don' gat w'ite som' mor' wid fear,
But turn red on de face.
Oh my, wid rage I'm mad wid heem,
W'at could a poor gairl do,
For hav' a man cut op lak' dat
An' ac' lak' hees bran' new?

Den Pierre look op an' catch ma eye,
An' w'en to me he say,
"Rosalee, dear, w'at do you t'ink,
Ees it not pretty day?"
I say to heem de day's all right,
But any fool would know
All 'bout dat 'fore dey spe'k it out
An' tell you 'bout it so.

De twilight com', we're jogging 'long
De road down l'Arable way,
An' Pierre keep talking all de tam'
I can't gat word to say.
He tell me dere is une fin' farm,
How do you lak' de trees,
Dat line de orchard on de lef'
For keep off nort' win' breeze?

Dere is new house a building op,
De roof is almos' done,
I order dat for you an' me
W'en you an' me are wan.
An' den he smile on de same way;
I use to do dat, too,
W'en I had garçon on de string
An' keep dem in a stew.

I try to gat away from heem,
But Pierre gat tighter grip,
An' den he talk mos' diff*erent*
As 'long de road we skip;
He say, "Ma Rosalee, *ma chère,*"
In voice dat's sof' an' low,
I nevere heard so sweet a soun'
As he is speek, dat so.

"Ah, *mon ami,* can you not see
I'm tre't you rough because
Dat's only way to keep out reach
Your pretty tiger claws."
An' w'en he see de leddle tear
He fol' me to hees breas'
An'—kiss me once, maybe t'ree tam',
An' smood me wid caress.





An' den he ax w'en I marray
 An' nevere from heem part,
An' den som't'ing jomp on my t'roat,
 I t'ink it was my heart;
I can not speak a word to heem,
 My face all flush wid red,
No better he is understan'
 If houndred word I said.

It is to-morrow morning dat
 I marray Pierre Minot,
I wander if I mak' a dream
 Or if it can be so.
But still I see hees picture dere,
 It hang upon de wall;
He is mon Pierre I lof' so well,
 He's bes' man of dem all.



DE FIDDLEUR OF PAPINEAU.

YOU may talk about your fiddleur
Dat play on concert hall,
An' brag heem opon top de sky
An' say he beat dem all;
But I hav' gat into ma min'
Wan chap, it seems to me,
Was fines' fiddleur dat I hear
In des *Etats Unis.*





Wan tam', about t'ree year ago,
We all surprise wan day,
For see opon de platform of
De depot of railway,
Two stranger dat is gat off train,
It cause som' interes',
Dey was a man an' leddle gairl
An' bot' was poorly dress'.

De man he has wan fiddle an'
Mak' music roun' de town;
La petite fille, she is collec'
De streets all op and down;
She pretty t'ing, I t'ink not mor'
Dan seex year, I suppose;
Her face was lak' de fleur-de-lis,
Her lip lak' de pale rose.

It's Christmas tam' almos' about,
Dey's com' to Papineau,
Dere's plenty work for de fiddleur
He fin' out soon to know;
Dere's ball an' partee h'every night,
Need music for to play:
In cottage Rousil'on dey go
For leeve dere w'ile dey stay.

An' w'en it's com' on Christmas Eve
 Dere's wan gran' bal' dat night,
All house show joy for coming day,
 It vas wan pretty sight;
De toy shop an' de candy store
 Vit coleur dey're ablaze,
De children on de window look,
 Dere eyes are moch amaze.

De fiddleur an' hees leddle gairl—
 Dey walk about de street,
De leddle gairl vit face so pinch,
 Mos' shy at all she meet;
But w'en she pas' de gread beeg store
 W'ere dey is keep de toy,
Dere's leddle doll wid pretty dress,
 Dat geeve her de mos' joy.

"O papa, you tell Santy Claus
 For heem to geeve to me
De pretty doll wid yellow hair
 Dat's in de window, see."
He stoop an' geeve de gairl a kiss
 An' tak' her by de han',
An' he tell her as dey walk long
 Dat Santy understan'.





Dere vas de bal' it ees tak' place
An' gr'ad beeg crowd vas dere,
Almos' as many people as
Gat to county fair:
De fiddleur he is play for dem,
De gairl asleep she fall,
An' soon she off in dreamy lan',
No care she has at all.

Dey's mak' de intermission
An' we all tak' a res',
Dat fiddleur tune de violin
An' geeve us som' hees bes';
An' he is play dat fiddle, too,
For all dat it is vordt,
It seem to me de angels com'
Mak' music on de eardt.

De flower song from Marguerite,
Den Schubert's serenade,
La Favorita's melodies
An' popular roulade;
W'en I am leeve in ol' Kebec
Dese operas all I hear,—
It tak' me back to de ol' tam'
Dat memory hol' dear.

At firs' it soun' right close to me,
An' den it gat so far
Avay almos' op to de sky
W'ere leeve de leddle star;
Den soon he mak' de tounder roar,
De win' to sob an wail,
Dere's fury an' all hell let loose
In tempes' an' de gale.

An' den before you know it, he
Is tak' you down de lane;
You smell de lilac blooming an'
You t'ink it's spring again.
An' w'en it sof'ly die away
Into a sad, sweet sigh,
It's lak' de song your modder sing
W'en she hum lullaby.

Après du bal de fiddleur man
He wak' hees leddle chile,
An' w'en her eyes are open op
Her face is all on smile,
For Santy Claus was bring de doll
She lak' so veree well;
De leddle gairl she hug it clos',
So happy none can tell.





De blizzard dat ees happen, it
De vorse we evere know,
Vas on dis night I tell about;
Dere's mos' four feet of snow
Already down was fallen it
An' still it snowed som' mor',
De nor'eas' win' was howling lak'
It nevere howl' before.

Dey bot' went out into dat storm,
De win' bite to de bone,
Rousil'on cottage stan' to wes'—
'Cross prairee lan' alone;
Dey mak' dere way as bes' dey could,
An' how, none of us know,
Dat night dey's perish wid de col'
Out in de win' an' snow.

Two days is pas' before dat storm
Gat quiet an' go 'way,
Dere's rumor dat som' lives is los'
Is w'at de people say;
Dere's searching posse is start out
For see if ve can fin'
A trace of dem dat lose demselves
Or any kin' of sign.

Ve're clos' by Rousil'on cottage
W'en som't'ing catch our eye,
De corner of an overcoat,
An' den right nex' it by
Is leddle shawl steck out from top
De snow dat ees dere lay
Along de fence an' mak' beeg drif'
Opon de gran' highway.

Ve all know soon as we have see
Who ees in ondere dere;
Vit tender han's ve tak' dem out
Into de morning air;
De fiddleur hol' de leddle gairl
Mos' tight clos' to hees heart,
We leave dem bot' togedder so,
An' tak' dem not apart.

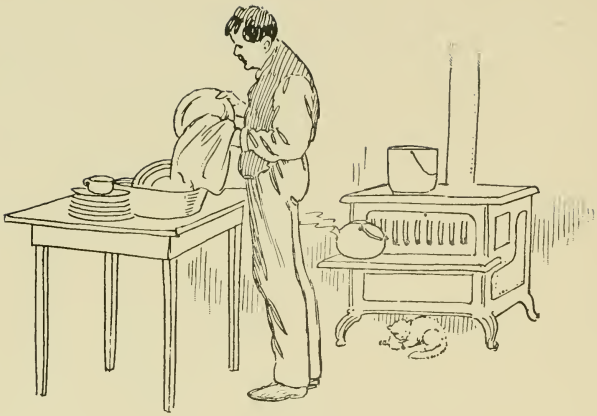
De snow it was all meex op t'roo
Her head of yellow hair
An' on de sunlight mak' de spark
Lak' di'mon in de air.
De leddle dolly she was hol'
Clos' to her col' dead breas'
W'ere she lay down to tak' long sleep
In lan' of perfect res'.





An' on de hill 'way overe dere,
In single grave, we lay
Dem two to res' for de long tam'
Ontil de judgment day.
Dere's story in de life of dem
Dat we will nevere know;
De hillside hol' de secret of
Fiddleur of Papineau.





DE BACHELEUR OF BOURBONNAIS

"I cried unto God, He gave ear unto me."
—77th Psalm.

HE vas a mos' strange man, I t'ink,
I don't care w'at you say;
For years he live all by heemself,
T'ree mile from Bourbonnais,
Ontil wan Easter tam' we see
Heem com' into de town,
He's drass op in new suit of close,
De coleur's mos'ly brown.





He's drave a fine young trotter nag,
New boggay, w'eels all h'red,
Wit' nice sofah, mos' comfortab',
Sit high opon de bed.
De morning it was beautiful,
De sun it shine an' blaze,
Overe de eardt, mak' all heart glad,
It was wan pretty days.

De h'red w'eel on dat boggay
Day dance w'en day go roun',
An' Fileon LaCouer he drave
Fas', straight on t'roo de town,
Ve're vonder why de Bacheleur
Of Bourbonnais's feex so,
It's com' now torty year or mor'
Vit femme he'd never go.

Lanctot, de tailor man, look wise,
He is wan historee,
He's know all 'bout it, everyt'ing
Dat's done on Bourbonnais;
He has a twinkle on his eye
Dat we is know ver' well,
He's gat wan storee op his sleeve
W'at we is want him tell.

Lanctot, speak him, "In early tam',
W'en country's young an' new,
De lan' wos nodding hereabout,
But mos'ly swamp an' sloo;
He's quite a beau, dis Bacheleur,
It's lof' he's den fall in
Wit' M'sieu' Carot's oldes' fille,
Her firs' name's Josephine.

"He's almos' craze' wit' lof' for her,
But Josie's gat more string
Onto her bow; she haf som' fone,
She does not do wan t'ing,
To four or fiv' de bol' garçon
Dat's follow her aroun';
She geeve dem all de lively chase,
It's talk of de hull town.

"But Fil'on de Bacheleur
Wit' her he is not flirt,
He's in it for de real beez*neesc;*
If he's wan piece of dirt
She could not meaner treat heem,
She's fool heem h'right along,
She's mak' heem lead wan lively dance,
She t'ink she do no wrong.





"It's all made op dat dey marray,
Dey's 'range an' set de day,
But w'en it's com' for wedding tam'
Dat gairl's she's rone avay.
She's go overe to Kankakee,
Dere meet Philipe Angot,
She's marray heem an' go for leeve
On town of Papineau.

"Poor Fileon, he is so crush'
Dat he can't soon forget
Dere's pass a veree long, long tam';
He still remember yet,
He's nevere com' to mak' confess',
He's nevere com' to mass,
It's all alone by hees ownself
He mak' de tam' go pas'.

"It's not tak' long for Josephine
She find she mak' *faux pas*
Her man he soon is take to drink,
He ees not wordt wan straw;
An' w'en wan day, dey's bring heem home,
He's killed in drunken brawl,
Dis crush de proud of Josephine,
It's tak' avay it all.

"She den com' back to fadder's house,
Leeve dere ontil he's died,
An' w'en her modder's go las' March,
Join him on odder side,
It's den she's live it all alone,
She's t'ink of long tam' 'go,
She's sure she ees punish' enough
For treat poor Fil'on so.

"Ash Vendesday las' Fil'on he com'
Into my shop an' say,
'You com' wit me to presbytère
For talk wit de curé,'
An' Fileon he speak it dere,
'My frien's, I t'ink you know
W'at's happen it to me wan tam'
Back torty year ago.

'You blame me moch for keep avay
From confess' an' de mass;
Dey call me infidel, som' tam'
Shake heads ven I am pass;
For torty years, my Fadder,
Ev'ree day my beads I'm tell,
I mak' appeal to Him on high,
Mon Dieu, He know dat well.





" 'Long tam' I say deep in *mon cocur*
Dat nevere I'll forgeeve
Dat gairl for wat she's done by me
So long as I am leeve;
But many days I speak de prayer,
Mon Dieu! O geeve to me
De power to forgeeve dat gairl,
De light, O let me see.

" 'W'en fadder an' her modder died,
Dat's strike my heart ver' near,
It ees firs' tam' for many day
I'm shed wan little tear.
An' den I t'ink w'at say de Psalm,
You look an' you will see:
"I mak' appeal unto mon Dieu,
He gave ear unto me."

" 'I say dat overe to myself
It mak' impress' on me,
It show de way I can forgeeve,
De troot it mak' me see;
I have been man vit hardened heart,
I'll go to de curé,
An' ask heem tak' a word for me
To her dis veree day.

" 'Go tell her, holy Fadder, dat
De pas' is pas' an' dead,
An' dat I am forgeeve her,'
Fil'on to curé said;
'Say dat de year, dey haf been long,
But nevere was a day
I try not overlook it all
Since she is go away.'

"De curé, he is speak heem,
'I'll go, my Fileon,
An' tell it all to Josephine;
You've suffer moch, my son;
She'll welcom' all de news I bring,
Moch joy to her vill geeve,
I t'ink vill be de happies' day
Dat evere she is leeve.'

"An' so you know de reason why
De Bacheleur he go
To gat his old sweetheart wance more,
His Josephine Carot;
For see! dere coming down de road,
De horse hol' high hees head;
It's Easter tam' an' lof' wance los'
Is risen from de dead!"



DE CAPTAINE OF DE "MARGUERITE"

YOU vant to know who 'tis I am?
You're stranger man, I see;
I don' min' tell to you som't'ing
Concern' de life of me.
My fadder's com' from Canadaw,
'Long vit Père Chiniquy,
'Vay in de early fifty year,
To lan' of libertee.
An' I am born here on de State,
An' rose soon high to be
De captaine of de Marguerite,
Dat sail de Kankakee.

DE CAPTAINE OF DE "MARGUERITE"

De people all is know me here.
Ven I vent down de street,
Vit moch respec' dey's bow at me,
Venever dem I meet.
De ladies call me "Captaine,"
De men is call me "Cap";
De childern overe de hull place
Dey's mos'ly call me "Pap";
I'm *"caractère public,"* dey say,
Vatever dat may be,
I'm captaine of de Marguerite,
Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven de var is outbreak
In de spring of nanty-ate,
I grow so patriotique,
An' I am so moch elate
To haf' de chance to go to front;
I vill be brave, bold man,
An' fight the Spanish grandee:
But I'll fight not on de lan'.
I go opon de gentlemen
Of var, I say to me,
I'm captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' den I put de Marguerite
In dry dock for avile;
I gat me to Chicago town,
My face is all on smile;
Dey mak' recruit for navee dere,
For seamen advertise;
De officere he's dress lak' doode,
Say I's mos' undersize.
"Vat experance it is you haf',
My man?" he say to me,
Den I tol' him 'bout de Marguerite
Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven he hear me all of dis
He mak' de gran' salute,
An' say he vill accept me—
Mighty glad of dat to boot.
Ven Messieu' Schley an' Sampson,
De bossmen of de fleet,
Vas know I join de navee
Vill mos' tak' dem off dere feet.
All of dis talk I hear I t'ink
Is gratify to me,
As captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven ve're down on blockade,
 Off Cienfuegos Bay,
I's man de boat dat cut de line
 Of cable vire dat day;
De bullets dey com' t'ick an' fas',
 An' deat' he's com' dere, too,
An' in dat hell of fire an' smoke
 Vas awful how-de-do.
It's differ*ante* from quiet tam's
 Dan ven I go to sea,—
I's captaine of de Marguerite
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' in dat Santiago fight
 I's cut op quite a dash;
I's on de Gloucester steamboat
 Dat is smash dem all to smash.
Ve's mak' 'em scat like grasshoppear,
 Vit shell ve's mak' 'em bus',
De Brooklyn an' de Texas vere
 Not in it at all wit' us!
I's man behin' de gun, I's puli
 De trigger, don' you see?
Galant captaine of de Marguerite
 Dat sail de Kankakee.





An' ven de var is overe
I gat honorab' discharge,
I t'inks I now haf' tam' to t'ink
Of Rosalie LaFarge;
Dat gairl she's twice refuse me vonce,
But now dat I'm hero
She'll t'ink about it two-t'ree tam'
Before she let me go.
She's glad I no mak' bait for shark
Dat swim opon de sea,
But still captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sail de Kankakee.

At home dey meet me wit' brass-ban'
Sky rocket an' flambeau;
Dey turn de town upside ovére,
At me de rose dey t'row;
I's ride in state to Cité Hall,
To me dey mak' a speak,
I try to mak' von, too, but I
Gat mix op an' I steek;
I's talk about de country dat I save
An' 'bout de flag,
An' den I sit me down again,
For me I don' lak' brag:

DE CAPTAINE OF DE "MARGUERITE"

It's not become de hero man
To talk an' speak so free,
Nor the captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' den dere vas de gran' banquay,
To honneur me dey geeve,
De maire an' all de council here
In Kankakee dat leeve.
Dey mak' a toas', I give von back;
Ve haf' som' jollie fone;
An' den ve sing an' laugh an' shout,
Den de hull place ve ron;
Dey's fill me op vit cognac
Till again I's on de sea,
Formere captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' now I'm com' back from de var,
I t'ink I's rose op high,
If I keep on a-goin' op
I'll gat op to de sky.
Dey say I vas première factor
In fight opon de sea,

An' now ven I go down de street
Here's vat dey say at me:
De ladies call me "Admiral,"
De men is call me "Ad,"
De children overe de hull place
Dey's lov' to call me "Dad."
You see, from *caractère public,*
I am exalt' to be,
De Admiral Gran' of de hull fleet
Dat sail de Kankakee.





DE CIRQUE AT OL' STE. ANNE

I'M ride overe from Papineau,
Premier-classe cirque for see,
Dat's advertise for com' Ste. Anne
An' mak' som' fun vid me.
I'm tak' along my Julie gairl,
I'm gat her on de way,
Ve're off for have une jolie tam',
A full all holiday.



L. of C.



Ve see de animal so vil',
Gran' lion in de cage,
He's valk it op an' down aroun'
Lak' he vas in a rage.
Regardés monkey an' giraffe
Vit neck so long an' slim,
You's almos' need a telephone
To say "hello" at him.

Beeg crowd was all de cage aroun'
For see w'at dey could see,
Dey wan' to gat dere money's wort',
Mos' squeeze de life off me:
We see de zebra; den I t'ink
Wil' man from Borneo,
An' w'en we gat t'roo dat moch dere
Into beeg tent we go.

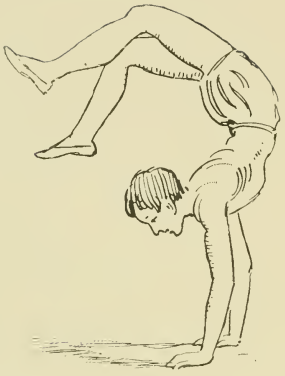
I'm buy pop-corn, also peanut,
Donnay to my Julie;
Ve's eat it all togedder op,
Oh my, we have une spree!
Nex' t'ing ve sat in hippodrome,
In deux grand reserve seat—
I pay ten cent extray for dem;
For view dey can't be beat.

So moch for see dat's goin' on,
I'm gat all mix op yet;
It's all so good I can't mak' out
Jus' w'ere ma eyes for set.
Beeg man vas op on high trapeze,
An' pretty lady—Oo!
She's hang by teeth an' hair; by gar!
T'row kisses at you, too!

An' w'en my eyes light on dat gairl,
Julie vas gat jeal*ous;*
She mak' de lips go poutin', so
Vid rage she nearly bus';
An' den I tak' her sof' w'ite han'
An' hold it gentle so,
An' try to feex it up all h'right,
But fin' it quite hard go.

Julie vas feel moch better
Ven dat lady go avay,
She laugh vid me at funny clown,
At all de t'ings he say.
Mos' excentrique come elephan',
Stan' right out on his head,
An' den he lay upon de groun',
Preten' dat she is dead.





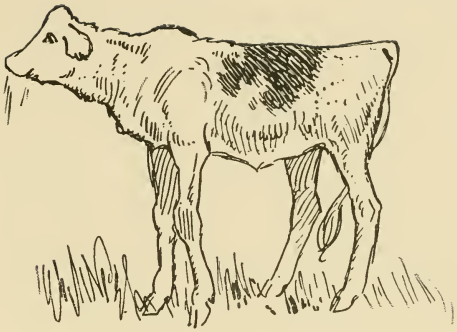
De acrobat he's tumble roun'
All overe de whole place;
De ring man shout an' crack his whip
At horses in de race.
Den ve take in de concert grand,
An' lak' dat might' vel, too,
An' w'en ve see de peoples go,
Ve know dat show vas t'roo.

An' when I'm takin' Julie home—
Dat night de moon vas shine—
I'm mak' it to her mighty plain,
I'm ax for her be mine;
But Julie say she very 'fraid,
I'm lof' Ma'm'selle Trapeese,
Because she grand an' t'row de kiss
(I'm no like Julie tease).

An' so I up an' tole her
Dat I lof' jus' her on*lee*.
Her cheeks dey blush de colour rouge,
Her eyes flash lak' de sea,
Her lips vas lak' de grand sunset,
I can no' long' keep 'vay—
I'm mak' de smack right on de spot.
Oh, vat a holiday!

I'm mak' de marry quite ver' soon,
An' now you understan'
Pourquoi I take my Julie gairl
Pour cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne.





TIM FLANAGAN'S MISTAKE

DAT Irishman named Flanagan,
He's often joke wid me,
He leeve here now mos' twanty year,
Ver' close to Kankakee;
I always look for chance to gat
An' even op wid heem,
But he's too smart, exception wance,
Dis Irishman named Tim.

Wan Sunday tam' I'm walking out
I meet Tim on de knoll,
We bot' are hav' a promenade
An' mak' a leddle stroll;
We look down from de top of hill,
An' on de reevere's edge
Is w'at you call a heifer calf,—
He stan' dere by de hedge.

Dat calf stan' still an' wag hees tail
On eas' an' den wes' side,
An' den he wag it to de sout'
For whip flies off hees hide;
I say to Tim dat heifer calf
Dat stan' so quiet still,
You can not push him on de stream;
He say, "By gosh, I will."

An' den he grin an' smile out loud,
He fall opon de groun',
An' den he laugh wance mor' again
An' roll de place aroun':
He say, 'twill be a ver' good joke
Opon dat heifer calf,
An' wance mor' he start op h'right quick
An' mak' de beeg horse laugh.





Says Tim, "You watch me now, ma frien',
I'll geeve dat calf wan scare,
I will rone down an' push him quick
On Kankakee Reevere."
An' he laugh out a beeg lot mor',
Den he t'row off hees hat,
An' start down hill two forty gait,
He fly as swif' as bat.

Dat calf he stan' an' wag hees tail
For 'bout two t'ree tam' mor';
W'en Tim com' ronnin' down de hill
She move two yard down shore;
But Tim now com' lak' cannon ball,
He can't turn right nor lef',
He miss de calf an' den, by gosh!
Fall on reevere himse'f.

Dose Sunday close dat Tim had on
He wet dem t'roo an' t'roo,
An' w'en he pick himse'f op slow
An' walk heem out de sloo,
He say, "Dat's good I mak' a laugh
Before I tak' dat fall;
I laugh not den, I hav' no fone
Out of dis t'ing at all."



'LONG DE KANKAKEE

IT'S pretty place to be alone
W'en evening shade is here,
De sun fall low behin' de tree
In summer tam' of year;
De reevere drif' lazee along
W'ere lush grasse grow so rank,—
I hear de cow-bell tinkling low
On nodder side of bank.





My eyes she ees not close to all
Dat ees me now before;
I lof' de eardt w'ere here I am,
De sky w'ere eagle soar;
I lof' all tree w'en leaf ees green,
De groun' dat's dot wid bloom
Of harebell, violet so shy
Fill air wid dey're perfume.

Along de reevere Kankakee
For forty year or more
I fin' a home for me an' femme
Opon de timber shore.
We're young den wance, we bot' is com'
From Kebeck far away,
An' settle here opon de State,
An' here we long tam' stay.

An' off to soudt for 'bout ten mile
Was mos'ly swamp an' sloo,
It's covere wid de tall green grass,
Bullrush, an' cattail, too.
De same place now is wavin' wid
De corn, de wheat an' rye,
An' w'ere de bittern wance tak' wing
De crow he now is fly.

De wil' grape trail overe de tree,
An' w'en I smell de bloom
It's lak' de glass of *vin du pays,*
So reech was de perfume.
W'en sun he com' down to de wes'
An' revere smood lak' floor,
He mak' de purple shadows dere,
It look lak' *chemin d'or.*

De robin an' de gray catbird
An' thrush she mak' a sing,
An' w'en de sun sink out of sight
De Angelus he ring;
Den I walk home to small cabane,
W'ere dose leeve I am lof',
De night is com' an' star he shine
From heaven op abof'.



WHEN FRANÇOIS JOINED DE LODGE

I AM leeve here for long, long tam',
In County Kankakee,
I'm tell som't'ing dat wance on while
Was happen it to me;
'Bout t'ree year 'go ma ver' clos' frien',
LaMoille, from Ol' Ste. Anne,
He ask me join de "keep still lodge"
An' be a "Wooden Man."

Dat mak' me veree mad at firs',
To t'ink he wan' me for
To be dat Ind'yan Wood Man
Dat stan' on front hees store,
So peop' is know de place to gat
Segare, tobac' an' snuff;
I'm t'ink he wan' to insult me,
Dat's treatment veree rough.

"Ah no! ma frien'," said LaMoille den,
"I no try of*fend* you,
Dis Wooden Man's societ*ee,*
An' w'en you go it t'roo
You know a lot of t'ings, by gosh!
Dat no one else is know."
He wan' me join myself to dem
An' t'roo de lodge to go.

So here's de chance I wan' long tam',
I'm join societee,
Mak' gran' entrance to "four houndred,"
I'm gat in papier, see;
Den M'sieu Pierpont Morgan he
Will haf' to set way down
Into de mos' far backes' seat
W'en I com' to hees town.





Ver' soon it ees all noise aroun'
 Dey mak' me "man of wood";
Dey all tak' so moch interes',
 I'm lak' dat veree good:
LaMoille he say, on T'ursday night,
 Affer dey tak' de vote,
Dat if I pass t'roo dat moch dere
 Dey'll h'ride me on de goat.

Dat's mak' me mad wance mor' again,
 Dey'll not do dat to me!
Ride me on goat, no, no, by gosh!
 I jus' would lak' to see;
But LaMoille say, "François, dat mean
 In Français *initier,*
You ride de goat means 'tak' you in,'
 Is w'at de Anglais say."

De night is com' I'm fin' it out
 I'm all right to belong,
An' den dey mak' me blin'fol' tight,
 An' w'en dey ring beeg gong,
Dey's som' wan say "Dere off," jus' lak'
 Dere on de horse-race track;
An' den almos' before I know
 Dey t'row me on ma back.

I nevere been t'roo trash'-machine,
But now I understan'
It mak' no difference for do dat
Dan be a Wooden Man.
Dey didn't do wan t'ing to me,
Dey geeve me course of sprout,
Dey turn me opside down t'ree tam',
An' two tam' inside out.

It's lak' de football game dey play
If I was been de ball;
Dey t'row me roun' from right to lef'
Mos' overe de hull hall;
An' den dey t'row me bac' again,
Dey turn me roun' an' roun',
An' yell out loud lak' Ind'yan—
To stake dey mak' me boun'.

An' w'en dey buil' de beeg bonfire,
To deat' I'm almos' scare,
I wander how it all will end
W'ile I am standing dere;
An' den dere was de beeg explode,
I ver' near faint away,
An' almos' t'ink it was de tam'
For be de judgment day.





An' den som' wan he save ma life,
He mak' unboun' de rope,
An' w'en dey put it on ma moudt
A handful of sof' soap;
I wander w'at is happen nex',
I'm expect annee t'ing;
Dey tak' de blin'fol' off from me,
De bell wance mor' he ring.

I look aroun', I see dere dress
In clothes *coureur du bois*—
Of dem I've heard ma fadder spe'k,
Dey leeve in Canadaw.
Dey hav' beeg ax dey hol' in hand',
Dey circle 'roun' me dere
Lak' merry-go-aroun' you see
At h'every county fair.

Dey all is stop at word from chief,
Den he is to me say:
"François is nearly brudder now,"
In de mos' solemn way.
"Here tak' de ax," he say wance mor',
"An' see if you ees know
Bes' way for out of trouble gat
As t'roo de worl' you go."

It's not tak' long to show dem w'en
I start dat ax to work,
Dere's five crack head in t'ree second,
I'm hit dem down lak' Turk;
I'm swing dat ax so rapid quick
Dat no wan com' near me,
An' den I knock de door in piece
An' gat myself out free.

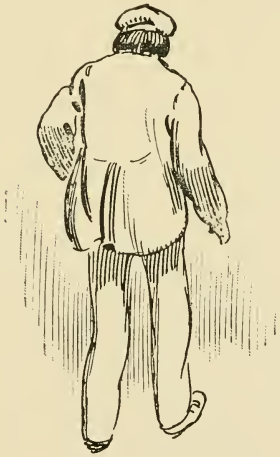
LaMoille he fin' me de nex' day,
He say he onderstan'
W'at for I do de lodge lak' dat,
Cause I no comprehen';
He say no joke on you dey play,
All dose t'ings dat dey do
Was in de symbol language spe'k
Dat dey was show to you.

W'y not dey spe'k w'at I com'pren',
Not symbol but Français,
Or w'at dey talk it here on state
De language of Anglais?
W'en dey wan' you for "man of wood"
Dat means societee,
An' ride de goat means "do you op,"
From all dat I can see.





I gat so h'all meex op, by gosh,
I don' know w'at to do,
So many t'ings mean som't'ing else
I can' tell which from who;
I gat along O K, an' den
My Anglais it's go smash,
Jus' w'en I t'ink I haf t'ings h'right
My soup gets in de hash.





DE GRADUAL COMMENCE

OUI, Oui, M'sieu, I'm mos' happee,
My ches' wid proud expan',
I feel de bes' I evere feel,
An' over all dis lan'
Dere's none set op so moch as me;
You'll know w'en I am say
My leddle daughter Madeline
Is gradual to-day.





She is de ver' mos' smartes' gairl
 Dat I am evere know,
I'm fin' dis out, de teacher, he
 Is tol' me dat is so;
She is so smart dat she say t'ings
 I am no understan',
She is know more dan any one
 Dat leeve on ol' Ste. Anne.

De Gradual Commence is hol'
 Down at de gr'ad beeg hall,
W'ere plaintee peopl' can gat seat
 For dem to see it all.
De School Board wid dere presi*dent*,
 Dey sit opon front row,
Dey look so stiff an' dignify,
 For w'at I am not know.

De classe dat mak' de "gradual"
 Dey're on de stage, you see,
In semi-cirque dat face de peop',
 Some scare as dey can be;
Den wan of dem dey all mak' spe'k,
 Affer de nodder's t'roo,
Dis tak' dem 'bout t'ree hour an' half
 De hull t'ing for to do.

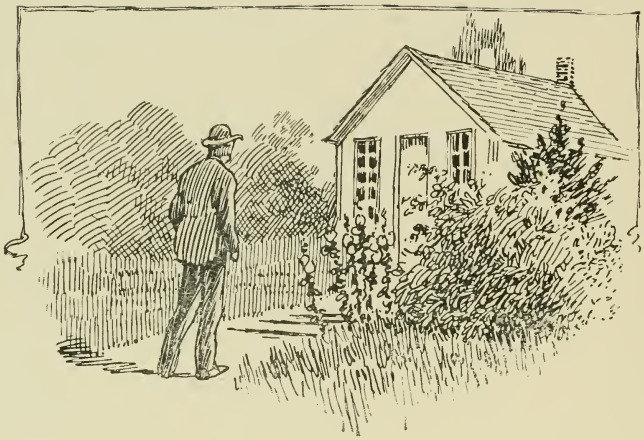
Ma Madeline she is all feex op,
Mos' beautiful to see,
In nice w'ite drass, my wife he buy
Overe to Kankakee.
An' when she rise to mak' de spe'k
How smart she look on face,
Dey all expec' somet'ing dey hear,
Dere's hush fall on de place.

She tell us how to mak' de leeve,
How raise beeg familee;
She tell it all so smood an' plain
Dat you can't help but see;
An' how she learn her all of dat
Ees more dan I can say,
But she is know it, for she talk
In smartes' kind of way.

W'en all is t'roo de presi*dent*
De sheepskin he geeve 'way;
Dey're all nice print opon dem,
An' dis is w'at dey say:
"To dem dat is concern' wid dese
Pres*ents* you onderstan'
De h'owner dese; is gradual
At High School on Ste. Anne."

An' now dat she is gradual
She ees know all about
De world an' how to mak' it run
From inside to de out;
For dis is one de primere t'ings
W'at she is learn, you see,
Dat long beeg word I can pronounce,
It's call philosophee.

An' you can' blame me if I am
Ver' proud an' puff op so,
To hav' a daughter like dis wan
Dat's everyt'ing she know.
No wonder dat I gat beeg head,
My hat's too small, dey say—
Ma leddle daughter Madeline
Is gradual to-day.



MA BELLE ADÈLE

DE tam' I t'ink I lof' de mos'
An' vat I lak' to tell,
I go me to de leddle house,
Vere liv' *ma belle* Adèle.
She ees ver' bu'ful ma'moiselle,
Vit, O, such beeg blue eyes,
Dat put you on a tremble ven
Dey gat you by surprise.





I haf' chase all my rivale
Vid a poniard an' a gun,
Avay from off de prarie lan'
On fastes' kin' of run.
W'en I am going wid a gairl
I am not lak' to play
De second fiddle,—no, not me,
I'm not mak' lof' dat way.

Dere's real estate man from Watseek
Mak' sweet aroun' Adèle,
He's gat all kin' of troub' from me,
You bet, now let me tell;
He's write a note for her to meet
Heem, w'en it ees *le soir;*
I happen dere before she ees
An' pay heem my devoir.

An' dis is how I feex heem op,
Wan, two, t'ree, four black eye,
Wan bloody nose an' bruise on cheek,
O my, I mak' heem sigh!
An' den I t'ro heem on de mud,
Mak' heem look lak' black bear,
An' dat w'ite suit dat he had on
No more I t'ink he'll wear.

It's done so quick he hardly know
If it was fas' express
Or trash machine dat do heem op
In such an h'awful mess;
An' w'en he gat back to Watseek
He haf', I onderstan',
Some real estate he sell ver' cheap
Dat com' from ol' Ste. Anne.

Dat drummer man from Cincinnat',
He's t'ink heem mighty smart,
To Adèle mak' dem google eyes
An' try for steal her heart;
But eyes dat I vos geeve to heem
Look mor' lak' *rouge et noir,*
He see wan, two, t'ree, four, five star
Jus' lak' it vos *le soir.*

It tak' some tam' to win dat gairl,
At firs' she vera shy,
I almos' t'ink she fool vit me,
But somet'ing on her eye
Vos' tol' me more dan vord can tell
I'm on de track inside;
But dis I keep all to myself,
An' w'en I tak' her ride





I mak' preten' it's mad I am,
An' den I watch de fun,
Adèle at firs' she mak' de balk
An' not ver' smood she run;
But ven I say I lak' dat gairl
Dat leeve on Papineau,
Poor Adèle's eyes dey melt in tears
Dat I should treat her so.

Von Sunday tam' *après midi*
De sun com' mos'ly down,
De evening shade vos dreeft across
De prairie lan' so brown;
I's go overe to Adèle's house
To see de gairl I lof',
De birds dey sing de vesper song,
De sky vos clear abof'.

I tak' her to de orchard vere
De bloom opon de trees
Vos mak' de air so heavy
Dat dere is not any breeze;
An' dere opon de bench rustique,
Down by de reevere shore,
I tell her 'gan I lof' her once,
An' den two t'ree tam' more.

De reevere it vos stretch avay
Lak une ribbone l'argent,
Far off to eas' an' far to wes',
Pas' farm of Père Laurent.
I say: "*Ma chère, ma belle* Adèle,
Will you not marray me?"
An' den she turn bot' pink an' w'ite,
Look pretty as can be.

She can not spe'k a little word,
Dere's sof' look on her eye,
I can' tell if it is for joy,
Or if she want to cry.
My arm go slow, it soon reach roun'
Her pretty slender wais',
I feel de beating of her heart,
De warm breat' on my face.

It's den I sip de nectar off
De cup of Adèle's lips;
Now w'en I drink de Vin Bordeaux
It tas' lak' so moch chips;
I t'ink dat all on eardt' is change'
Since she ees tell to me
She lof' me mor' dan de 'hole worl',
An' dat my wife will be.



W'EN DE FROGS BEGIN TO SING

W'EN March has com' an' gone again,
An' said a las' good by,
An' April she is here wance mor',
I feel so young an' spry.
W'en buds dey all bus' open op,
Make welcome of de spring,
De air get sof' an' den de frog'
Dey ees commence to sing.

You hear dem croak dere ol' rough t'roat—
How happy dey mus' be,
Jus' singin' all de day an' night,
It's lak' gran' orchestree.
Dey gadder in de pon' an' sloo,
Mak' air wid music ring,
For it ees com' now April tam'
W'en frogs begin to sing.

De red-bud dere opon de tree
Ees all fill op wid bloom;
De wil' plum an' de crab blossome
Ees rech wid dere perfume:
De birds dey sass wan nudder back
An' all dat sort of t'ing,
For dis ees in de April tam'
W'en frogs begin to sing.

No tam' lak' dat to sit an' res',
W'en day's work she ess done,
An' feel de sout' win' on your cheek,
An' watch de children's fone;
No tam' de year I better lak'
Dan in de beauty spring,
De eart' wakes op from winter sleep
An' frogs begin to sing.





Sing on, sing on, you spotted t'roats!
 Keep op your little tune,
You wan' to mak' de practice op
 For summer afternoon.
De cricket an' de katydid
 Will soon their fiddles bring,
An' de hull worl' wid verree joy
 Will join de frogs to sing.





ONCL' ANTOINE ON 'CHANGE

(Antoine Boisvert, Raconteur.)

I'VE jus' com' from Chicago town,
A seein' all de sights
From stockyard to de ballet gairl,
All drass' in spangled tights.
But all de worstes' nonsens'
T'roo vich I got to wade,
I t'ink de t'ing dat gats de cake
Ees place called Board of Trade.





I heard moch talk about dem chap
 Dey call de Bull an' Bear,
Dat play aroun' with price of stock
 An' get you unaware.
Who'll tell you w'at your wheat
 Will bring in Fevuary nex',
In jus' so smood an' quiet vay
 De curé read his tex'.

An' dere dey vere out on de floor,
 De mans who mak' de price
Of all de country produce,
 A lookin' smood an' nice.
But dey had vink opon dere eye
 Dat look you t'roo an' t'roo,
Like tricky bunko steerer ven
 He's hunting after you.

Dey got de ball to roll ver swif'
 An' firs' fall from de dock
Vas bottom off on July pork;
 An' heem dat held de stock
Commence to hiss an' wriggle
 Lak' a yellow rattlesnake;
De res' buzz jus' lak' bumblebee
 Stirred op vit hayin' rake.

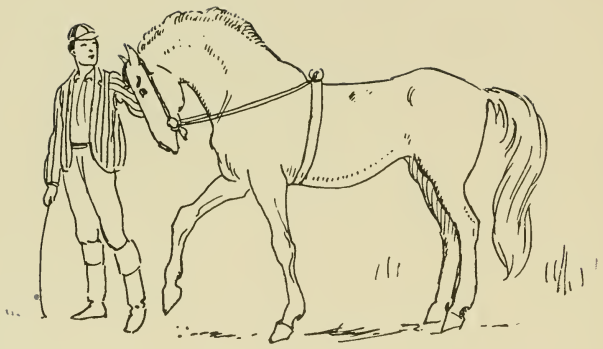
Dis bottom off on July pork
Is strike me kin' of queer,
I's t'ink dat hogs is good for eat
Mos' all of de 'hole year.
Dose feller on Chicago town
Is mak' such fonny phrase
Dat—*entre nous*—I sometimes t'ink
Dat som' of dem ees craz'.

Den dere ees somet'ing happen
Dat mak' 'em more excite',
W'en news ees com' overe de vires
Dat Boer an' Britain fight,
I nevere saw such meex-op yet,
In days since I be born,
Dey scowl an' call wan nodder names,
Dere faces show moch scorn.

Wan man grow wild an' mos'ly craz',
De tears stream off his eyes,
Dere's nodder man dat's laf an' shout,
It's mak' me mos' surprise.
I guess it mak' som' diff*erance*
Vich side you're on de fence,
But in dis Bear an' Bull meex-op
I see not ver' moch sense.

I gat me out of dere might' quick,
I don' vant stay dere more,
I t'ink dere lot of gr'ad beeg fool,
Dat stan' opon de floor;
De 'hole bee*znesse* ees foolishment,
Now let me tell to you,
I t'ink dat gr'ad beeg man could fin'
Moch better job for do.

An' now I'm home again wance mor'
W'ere all de year aroun'
Dere is contentment everyw'ere,
An' peace an' comfort's foun':
W'ere poverty an' greed of gold
Don' nevere fill de air,
An' nodding runnin' loose aroun'
Dat dey call Bull an' Bear.



ANATOLE DUBOIS AT DE HORSE SHOW

MY vife an' me ve read so moch
In papier here of late,
About Chicago Horse Show, ve
Remember day an' date.
Ve mak' it op togedder dat
Ve go an' see dat show,
Dere's som't'ing dere ve fin' it out
Maybe ve vant to know.




TICKETS

Ve leave de leddle farm avile,
 Dat's near to Bourbonnais;
Ve're soon op to Chicago town
 For spen' de night an' day;
I nevere lak' dat busy place,
 It's mos' too swif' for me,—
Ve vaste no tam', but gat to place
 Dat ve is com' for see.

Ve pay de price for tak' us in,
 Dey geeve me *deux* ticquette;
Charlotte an' me ve com' for see
 De Horse Show now, you bet.
Ve soon gat in it veree moch,
 "De push," I t'ink you call,
To inside on de beeg building,
 Ve're going to see it all.

De Coliseum is de place,
 Dey mak' de Horse Show dere,
Five tam's so beeg dan any barn
 At Bourbonnais, by gar!
I'm look aroun' for place dey haf'
 For dem to pitch de hay.
"I guess it's 'out of sight,' I t'ink,"
 Dey's von man to me say.

An' den ve valk aroun' an' 'roun'
Som' horses for to see;
Dere's pretty vomans, lots of dem,
But, for de life of me,
I can not see de trotter nag,
Or vat's called t'oroughbred,
I vonder if ve mak' mistake,
Gat in wrong place instead.

But Charlotte is not disappoint',
Her eyes dey shine so bright,
It's ven she sees dem vimmens folks,
Dey dance vit moch delight;
I den vos tak' a look myself
On ladies vit fin' drass,
Dere's nodding else in dat whol' place
Dat is so interes'.

I say, "Charlotte," say I to her,
"Dat ladee in box seat—
Across de vay vos von beeg swell,
Her beauty's hard to beat;
De von dat's gat fon*ee* eyeglass
Opon a leddle stek,
I'm t'ink she is mos' fin' loo*kin*
W'en she bow an' spe'k.





"It's pretty drass dat she's got on,
I lak' de polonaise,
Vere bodice it is all meex op
Vit jabot all de vays.
Dat's hang in front vit pleats all roun'—
It is von fin' tableau."
An' den Charlotte she turn to me
An' ask me how I know

So moch about de Beeg Horse Show,
W'ich we are com' for see;
An' den I op an' tol' her dere
Dat I had com' to be
Expert on informatione,
Read papier, I fin' out
Vat all is in de Horse's Show,
An' vat's it all about.

I point to ladee in nex' box,
She's feex op mighty vell,
I vish I could haf' vords enough
Vat she had on to tell;
De firs' part it vas nodding moch,
From cloth it vas quite free,
Lak' fleur-de-lis at Easter tam,
Mos' beautiful to see.

An' den dere is commence a line
Of fluffy cream soufflé,
My vife it mak' her very diz',
She's not a vord to say.
An' den com' yard of *crêpe de chine,*
Vit omelette stripe beneadt',
All fill it op vit fine guimpe jew'ls
An' concertina pleat.

Mon Dieu! an' who vould evere t'ink
Dat Horse Show vas lak' dese!
A Horse Show dere vidout no horse,
I t'ink dat's strange beez*ness*e.
But I suppose affer de man
De dry-goods bill dey pay,
Dere's nodding lef' to spen' on horse
Ontil som' odder day.

I tell you every hour you leeve,
You fin' out som't'ing new;
An' now I haf' som' vords to tell,
Som' good it might do you;
It's mighty fonny, de advise
I'm geeve to you, of course,
But never go to Horses Show
Expecting to see horse.







JEAN PETER LONG

MY name it ees Jean Peter Long,
But I'm call' Long for short;
I'm com' here to de Colonee
From Canadaw op Nort';
I'm Frenchman wance, but now full blood
American, you see,
I am know h'every man in town,
An' h'every wan knows me.

Dey call me "Jack of all de trades,"
Dat's tak' smart man, dey say,
To fin' wan dat can do mor' t'ings
Dan me, you'll go 'long way.
It's not de place for me to brag,
Set myself 'bove the res',
But I tell you som' of de t'ings
Dat I can do the bes'.

I'm mak' *jardin,* de carpet beat,
Mos' h'every t'ing I do,
I'm janiteur de beeg building,
Can mow de yard for you;
An' if you want de well clean' out,
You better com' to me,
I mak' short job of it for you—
Of dat dey all agree.

I'm pos' de bill for med'cine man,
Also for show troupe, too;
Wan tam' I go opon de tour,
'Bout dis I tell to you;
Dere's Oncle Tommy Cabane Show,
Propertee man dey need,
T'ree dollar week dey offer me,
An' wid it go my feed.





Propertee man is soun' ver' beeg,
 Impress it mak' on me;
I am tak' care of all de show—
 Dat's high position, see?
W'en I'm com' back, I will hobnob
 Wid all de high folks roun',
Wid banker man an' reech farmere,
 All overe de hull town.

But I soon fin' dat de prop' man,
 He's not so ver' gran' t'ing,
I'm tak' full charge de fierce bloodhoun',
 To donkey water bring.
I'm imitate dose bloodhoun' bark
 In middle of de play,
But donkey he mak' two, t'ree kick,
 W'en I gat in de way.

At Watseek we are mak' de stan',
 We're com' to gran' tableau,
W'ere Mad'moiselle, he walk de ice,
 Dey're short on soap-box—so
Dey mak' me gat opon de floor,
 Covere me op so nice
Wid w'ite papier ontil I look
 Lak one beeg cake of ice.

Eliza she step on my back,
 She's mak' escape h'all h'right
From dog an' h'all dat chase her so,
 She gat quick out of sight;
De dog dey cross across de ice,
 But w'en dey step me op,
Dey t'ink I'm w'at dere looking for,
 Start chew me for dere sup'.

It's tam' for me mak' myself scarce,
 I do it, *bientôt:*
Dey tak' large piece trou*sers* from me
 W'ile down de stair I go;
Dose houns dey are chase affer me,
 Dey run an' mak' loud bark,
It's den I wish ol' Noah had
 Lef' all dog off de h'ark.

I'm rone it two, t'ree, four, five mile,
 I'm 'fraid look beh*ind* me,
I'm t'ink I am not stop it wance
 'Till Papineau I see.
An' now dat I am gat bac' safe,
 Nevere again I'll roam,
For nex' show wan' me go on road,
 By gosh! I'll stay at home.



FOOTBALL AT CHEBANSE

DIS ball on foot, day play las' we'k,
Vas mighty fonny game,
Dey might haf' called it "gran' prize fight,"
I t'ink dat's better name.
De match, it vos feex op between
De High School on Chebanse,
An' Parish School of ol' Ste. Anne's
On nodder side de fence.

Dey's nodding else dat talk about,
For four, five we'k or more;
Dey mak' display of loafing cop
Down at LaPlace's store.
De loafing cop it is de prize
For vinners of de game.
An' on de side ees vacant place
For to engrave dere name.

Dey charge you fifteen cent admish,
But I vas got in free,
Dey use my pasture lan' for game,
Von dollar dey pay me.
Dey's quite a crowd vas com' along,
From de hull country 'roun',
De boggay, horse an' vagon heetch
Mos' overe de hull town.

An' den I saw a sight, I t'ink,
I ne*vere* before saw,
Dem ball on foot chaps all feex op,
Dey look so vild an' raw,
Vit long hair like de monkey muff
I t'ink dere fit for kill,
Before dey got t'roo von meex-op—
I'm sure, by gosh! dey vill.





Dere's von garçon had muzzle on,
 Lak' dey put on mad dog,
I say, "Captaine, vat for dat ees?"
 He say, "He bite like hog;
Ven in de middle of de game,
 He got ver' moch excite,
He need dose crowbars on in front
 To keep avay dat bite."

Den dey got soon to beezenesse down,
 De Rouge dey all von side,
De Bleu dey line on front of dem,
 Vait*ing* for vord from guide,
He say "All h'right!" an' den de Rouge
 Garçon dat stan' ahead,
He ben' down lak' he play leap-frog,
 Overe de ball an' said:

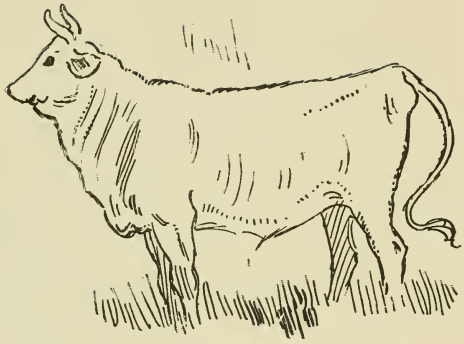
"T'ree sixty-ate, two, five, fourteen!"
 An' den back t'roo he's legs
He's geeve dat ball an awful push,
 An' den lak' scrambled eggs,
Dem garçon gat togedder quick,—
 It vas a mos' surprise,
You can't tell vat dey vos look like
 If you had t'ousan' eyes.

Dey push an' squeeze, an' dan dey mak',
Vat I call tug of var,
An' pretty soon dere's von garçon,
He don' know vere he are.
"He's put to sleep," dey's some von say.
He's tired, I suppose;
I t'ink it's fonny tam' for nap,
Ven you gat bloody nose.

De Rouge dey gain t'ree, four, five point,
Dey mak' une gran' "tooch op."
Dis put de coleur Bleu on fire,
Dey t'ink of loafing cop,
Dey start de game vonce more, again,
In almos' de same vay.
De bleachere shout, an' yell it loud,
To "push on an' mak' hay."

I bate dat valk dat Teddy took,
Ven he run San Juan hill,
Vas nevere half so hard to clim'
As dis here football mill.
O my! O my! de blood dey spill,
Mos' two full bucketsful,
It looks more lak' beeg slaughter pen,
Vere Spaniard fight de bull.





For us now, soon, dough ve don' know,
Dere's incident in store,
But ve too interes' in game
To t'ink of nodding more.
Dere's bull on Theabault's pasture,
He's vink de odder eye,
He's ears dey vas stan' dem op straight,
He's head he hol' it high.

De Rouge, he's mak' it von gran' rush,
Dat bull he's mak' von, too.
He's jomp de fence, an' den commence,
For meex op in dat stew.
In jus' about two minute more,
He haf' de field alone;
He haf' de hull place by heemself,
He fin' it's all his own.

Ve's scatter quick, lak' many flea,
Mak' prompt for de tim*bere*.
Ve all gat out of dere right soon,
Ve vas so awful scare.
It's den de game, it vas call off
Dat's mean, it vas bus' op,
An' all decide de Durham bull
Vas vin dat loafing cop.



APR 25 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 785 306 5